



THE UNDERTAKERS

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING.

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IV.

"Not before the fifth shot," said the mugger, as though he had never dreamed of stunning one of his listeners—"not before the fifth shot did I sink, and I rose in time to hear a thief of a boatman telling all those white women that I was most certainly dead. One bullet had gone under a neck-plate of mine. I know not if it is there still, for the reason I cannot turn my head. Look and see, child. It will show my tale is true."

"It" said the jackal. "Shall an enter of old shoes, a bone-cracker, presume to doubt the word of the Envy of the River? May my tail be bitten off by blind puppies if the shadow of such a thought have crossed my humble mind. The Protector of the Poor has condescended to inform me, his slave, that once in his life he has been wounded by a woman. This is sufficient, and I will tell the tale to all my children, asking for no proof."

"Over-much civility is sometimes no better than over-much discourtesy, for, as the saying is, one can choke a guest with curds. I do not desire that any children of thine should know that the mugger of Mugger-Ghaut took his only wound from a woman. They will have much else to think of if they get their living as miserably as does their father."

"It is forgotten long ago! It was never said! There never was a white woman! There was no boat! Nothing whatever happened at all."

The jackal waved his brush to show how completely everything was wiped out of his memory, and sat down with an air.

"Indeed, very many things happened," said the mugger, beaten in his second attempt that night to get the better of his friend. (Neither bore malice, however. Eat and be eaten was fair law along the river, and the jackal came in for his share of plunder when the mugger had finished a meal.) "I left that boat and went upstream, and, when I had reached Arrah and the back waters behind it, there were no more dead English. The river was empty for awhile. Then came one or two dead, in red coats, not English, but of one kind all—Hindoos and Purbeahs—then five and six abreast, and at last, from Arrah to the north beyond Agra, it was as though whole villages had walked into the water. They came out of little creeks one after another, as the logs come down in the rains. When the river rose they rose also in companies from the shoals they had rested upon; and the falling flood dragged them with it across the fields and through the jungle by the long hair. All night, too, going north, I heard the guns, and by day the shod feet of men crossing fords, and that noise which a heavy cart wheel makes on sand under water; and every ripple brought more dead. At last even I was afraid, for I said: 'If this happen to men how shall the mugger of Mugger-Ghaut escape?' There were boats, too, that came up behind me without sails, burning continually as the cotton boats sometimes burn, but never sinking."

"Ah!" said the adjutant. "Boats like those come to Calcutta of the Lika. They are tall and black, they beat up the water behind them with a tail, and they—"

"Are thrice as big as my village. My boats were low and white; they beat up the water on either side of them, and were no larger than the boats of one who speaks truth should be. They made me very afraid, and I left water and went back to this river, hiding by day and walking by night, when I could not find little streams to help me. I came to my village again, but I could not hope to see any of my people there. Yet they were plowing and sowing and reaping, and going to and fro in their fields as quietly as their own cattle."

"Was there still good food in the river?" asked the jackal.

"More than I had any desire for. Even I—and I do not eat mud—even I was tired and, as I remember, a little frightened of this constant coming down of the silent ones. I heard my people say in my village that all the English were dead, but those that came face down with the current were not English, as my people saw. Then my people said that it was best to say nothing at all, but to pay the tax and plow the land. After a long time the river cleared, and those that came down it had been clearly drowned by the floods, as I could well see; and, though it was not so easy then to get food, I was heartily glad of it. A little killing here and there is no bad thing—even the mugger is sometimes satisfied, as the saying is."

"Marvelous! Most truly marvelous!" said the jackal. "I am become fat

through merely hearing about so much good eating. And afterward what, if it be permitted to ask, did the Protector of the Poor do?"

"I said to myself—and by the Right and Left of Gunga I looked my jaws on that vow—I said I would never go roving any more. So I lived by the ghaut, very close to my own people, and I watched over them year after year; and they loved me so much that they threw marigold wreaths at my head whenever they saw it lift. Yes, and my fate has been very kind to me, and the river is good enough to respect my poor and infirm presence; only—"

"No one is all happy from his beak to his tail," said the adjutant, sympathetically. "What does the mugger of Mugger-Ghaut need more?"

"That little white child which I did not get," said the mugger, with a deep sigh. "He was very small, but I have not forgotten. I am old now, but before I die it is my desire to try one new thing. It is true they are a heavy-footed, noisy and foolish people, and the sport would be small, but I remember the old days above Benares, and if the child lives he will remember still. It may be he goes up and down the bank of some river, telling how he once passed his hands between the teeth of the mugger of Mugger-Ghaut, and lived to make a tale of it. My fate has been very kind, but that plagues me sometimes in my dreams—the thought of the little white child in the bows of that boat." He yawned and closed his jaws. "And now I will rest and think. Keep silent, my children, and respect the aged."

He turned stiffly and shuffled to the top of the sandbar, while the jackal drew back with the adjutant to the shelter of a tree stranded on the end nearest the railway-bridge.

"That was a pleasant and profitable life," he grinned, looking up inquiringly at the bird who towered above him. "And not once, mark you, did he think fit to tell me where a morsel might have been left along the banks. Yet I have told him a hundred times of good things wallowing down-stream. How true is the saying: 'All the world forgets the jackal and the barber when the news has been told!' Now he is going to sleep. Arrh!"

"How can a jackal hunt with a mugger?" said the adjutant, coolly. "Big thief and little thief; it is easy to say who gets the pickings."

The jackal turned, whining impatiently, and was going to curl himself up under the tree trunk, when he suddenly covered and looked up through the dragged branches at the bridge almost above his head.

"What now?" said the adjutant, opening his wings uneasily.

"Wait till we see. The wind blows from us to them, but they are not looking for us—those two men."

"Men, is it? My office protects me. All India knows I am holy." The adjutant, being a first-class scavenger, is allowed to go where he pleases, and so this one never flinched.

"I am not worth a blow from anything greater than an old shoe," said the jackal, and listened again. "Hark to that footfall!" he went on. "That was no country leather, but the shod foot of a whiteface. Listen again! Iron hits iron up there. It is a gun. Friend, those heavy-footed, foolish English are coming to speak with the mugger."

"Warn him, then. He was called Protector of the Poor by some one not unlike a starving jackal but a little time ago."

"Let my cousin protect his own hide. He has told me again and again there is nothing to fear from the whitefaces. They must be whitefaces. Not a villager of Mugger-Ghaut would dare to come after him. See! I said it was a gun. Now, with good luck, we shall feed before daylight. He cannot hear well out of water, and—this time it is not a woman!"

A shiny barrel glittered for a minute in the moonlight on the girders. The mugger was lying on the sandbar as still as his own shadow, his forefeet spread out a little, his head dropped between them, snoring like a—mugger.

A voice on the bridge whispered: "It's an odd shot—straight down almost—but as safe as houses. Better try behind the neck. Golly, what a brute! The villagers will be wild if he's shot, though. He's the deota (godling) of these parts."

"Don't care a rap," another voice answered. "He took about fifteen of my best coolies while the bridge was building, and it's about time he was put a stop to. I've been after him in a boat for weeks. Stand by with the Martini as soon as I've given him both barrels of this."

"Mind the kick, then. A double four-bore's no joke."

"That's for him to decide. Here goes!"

There was a roar like the sound of a

small cannon (the biggest sort of elephant-rifle is not very different from some artillery), and a double streak of flame, followed by the stinging crack of a Martini, whose long bullet makes nothing of a crocodile's plates. But the explosive bullets did the work. One of them struck just behind the mugger's neck, a hand's breadth to the left of the backbone, while the other burst a little lower down, at the beginning of the tail. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a mortally wounded crocodile can scramble off for deep water and get away; but the mugger of Mugger-Ghaut was literally broken into three pieces. He hardly moved his head before the life went out of him, and he lay as flat as the jackal.

"Thunder and lightning! Lightning and thunder!" said that miserable little beast. "Has the thing that pulls the covered carts over the bridge tumbled at last?"

"It is no more than a gun," said the adjutant, though his very tail-feathers quivered. "Nothing more than a gun. He is certainly dead. Here come the white-faces."

The two Englishmen had hurried down from the bridge and across to the sandbar, where they stood admiring the length of the mugger. Then a native with an ax cut off the big head, and four men dragged it across the spit.

"The last time that I had my hand in a mugger's mouth," said one of the Englishmen, stooping down (he was the man who had built the bridge), "it was when I was about five years old—coming down the river by boat to Monghyr. I was a mutiny baby, y' know. Poor



A NATIVE WITH AN AX CUT OFF THE BIG HEAD.

mother was in the boat, too, and she often told me how she fired dad's old pistol at the beast's head."

"Well, you've certainly had your revenge on the chief of the clan—even if my gun has made your nose bleed. Hi, you boatmen! Haul that head up the bank and we'll boil it for the skull. The skin's too knocked about to keep. Come along to bed now. This was worth sitting up all night for, wasn't it?"

Curiously enough, the jackal and the adjutant made the very same remark not three minutes after the men had left.

[THE END.]

THE PARIS FUND.

How the Irish Money Was Brought from France to England.

An interesting account of the transmission of the released Paris funds from Paris to London has been furnished by the London correspondent of the Freeman. With the exception of a very small proportion, the funds, it should be explained, are in the form of American bonds of various kinds, payable to bearer.

When the order for their surrender to Mr. McCarthy was delivered by the French courts to the Paris bankers, Messrs. Monroe, the question arose as to the best means of transporting them across the channel. The junior partner of the firm of Messrs. Longmans & Co., who acted as Mr. McCarthy's solicitors, considered it undesirable to travel with so large a sum of negotiable bonds in his possession without insuring them. However, on inquiring of several leading insurance companies he found that none of them would undertake the risk. The result was that Mr. Longmans decided not to hazard the chances of the road with the securities.

Inquiry was instituted among persons accustomed to sending valuables of various kinds from the French to the English capital, in order to discover the plan usually adopted. To the surprise of those concerned, they learned that the only really safe method in the case of such valuable parcels was to tend them by registered letter, and this method was ultimately successfully adopted.

Legal Papers.

Nearly all legal papers are now typewritten, though documents are encountered now and then which have been laboriously written out by the hand of one of the counsel. The men who still cling to the habit of writing their own legal papers are usually old lawyers, often of good practice, who cannot accommodate themselves to the new order of things. Young lawyers, no matter how small their practice, manage in one way or other to obtain the services of a stenographer. Some of the older men find it practically impossible to work with a stenographer or typewriter at hand.

A Gallant Request.

"If I should die, my dear, for me 'Noables don't' her husband please; 'For it would grieve the world to see 'The flower of woman-kind' in weeds."

—N. Y. World.

CURRENCY AND STAMPS.

Figures Showing the Product of the Engraving Department and Its Cost.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Claude M. Johnson, chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, in his annual report to the secretary of the treasury, states that during the year there were completed and delivered 16,211,308 sheets of United States notes, treasury notes, gold and silver certificates, bonds and national bank notes; 31,545,838 sheets of internal revenue stamps; 199,000 sheets of customs stamps, 21,873,682 sheets of adhesive postage stamps, and 1,056,205 checks, certificates, drafts, etc. The aggregate number of sheets was 79,886,033, exceeding the deliveries in any previous year by 13,369,072 sheets. The cost per 1,000 sheets during the year was \$20.30 which is the lowest cost ever reached, the next being during the fiscal year of 1894, when it was \$23.73. The postage stamps, which he says are better printed than before the work was placed with the bureau, are produced at a saving of from \$50,000 to \$75,000, over other years. He recommends that the country be furnished new currency more frequently than has been the custom.

ARMENIANS TO BLAME.

They Are Charged with Having Destroyed Several Mussulman Villages.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 16.—Official dispatches received here contain additional accounts of Armenian lawlessness. It is reported that the Armenians have attacked the villages of Forakh, Bitchli and Brehansis, near Zeitoun, firing fifty-seven houses in all. They also burned the village of Kurbel, and one Mohammedan was burned alive. Eighteen Mussulmans of both sexes were killed and fifteen wounded by the rioters at Tehoukourhissar. The town of Tehoukourhissar was totally destroyed by the rioters. The Mussulmans' villages have been sacked in the Azirlon and Tehokmerzemenk district.

The sultan has sent fresh peremptory instructions to the valis of the different districts where the disorders have occurred, as well as to the military commanders, telling them that they must promptly restore order by the just and equitable treatment of both Christians and Mohammedans.

DEATH OF HORACE WILCOX.

Body of an Old-Time Missouri Printer Found in the Woods.

BIRCH TREE, Mo., Nov. 16.—The dead body of Horace Wilcox was found in the woods 3 miles west of town yesterday. Less than thirty years ago Mr. Wilcox was one of the best known men in Missouri. He was an old-time printer, and was holding cases on St. Louis dailies when the war broke out. He enlisted in the union army, and when mustered out engaged in the newspaper business at Rolla, and while there was elected state printer by the legislature. A few years ago he was admitted to the Soldiers' home at Leavenworth, and was granted a furlough to enter a homestead near Monteer, in this county, where he lived alone. He is believed to have had a wife and married daughter at Louisiana, Mo. The authorities at the Soldiers' home have been notified.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Big Increase in Dutiable Merchandise Brought in During October.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The monthly statement of imports and exports issued by the bureau of statistics shows the total amount of domestic merchandise exported during October was \$85,002,383 as against \$82,482,422 during October last year. The imports on dutiable merchandise during October aggregated \$37,306,720 as compared with \$29,404,318 during the same month in 1894. The exports of gold coin and bullion during October was \$1,873,897, and the imports \$1,787,776. Silver coin and bullion was exported to the amount of \$4,594,477 while the imports aggregated \$1,325,127. The number of immigrants who arrived during the month was 32,890 as compared with 27,709 for October, 1894.

NO PAY FOR JUNKETS.

George T. Anthony's Expense Bill Turned Down by the State Auditor.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 16.—George T. Anthony, superintendent of the Kansas insurance department, recently attended the national meeting of insurance superintendents at Battle Creek, Mich., and upon his return presented a bill to the state for \$100.50 for expenses. Auditor George E. Cole threw the bill out on the ground that there is no law for the payment of expenses for private junkets of state officials. Anthony claims that he attended the meeting in the interest of his department and his expenses, therefore, should be paid by the state. It is likely that the question will be tested in the supreme court.

FREE SILVER CONFERENCE.

All in Sympathy with the Movement Requested to Meet in Washington January 22.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The executive committee of the American Bimetallic league yesterday unanimously adopted a resolution accepting the invitation of the national silver committee, of Chicago, in calling a conference of those who believe in the free coinage of gold and silver at 16 to 1, independent of other countries, to meet at Washington, January 22, 1895, for the purpose of arranging for a national convention. By the terms of the resolution each organization is to be equally represented, neither to have more than twenty-five representatives

THE TRADE OUTLOOK.

Wheat Market Perplexing—Corn Product Will Exceed All Demands.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade, says: The scare about gold exports had no real significance, and, although \$2,500,000 more will go out to-day, the stock market has been recovering. There was and is a substantial cause of difficulty in the fact that exports of products have been too small to meet the greatly increased imports of merchandise. The collapse of Kafir speculations abroad has forced many to realize on Americans held, and the impression that our government may have to borrow again also operates to our disadvantage. But there is no local disturbance of money markets.

Wheat perplexes the oldest inhabitant. There is really little reason to expect a yield larger than last year's, but western receipts of 8,202,804 bushels, against 4,026,639 last year, do not mean a scarcity of wheat. Probably it is true that the attempt to induce farmers to keep back their wheat in July has ended, as usual, in much bigger sales at lower prices in November, and prices have now declined so far that, for the first time in many months, Atlantic exports exceed those of a year ago, having been for two weeks (flour included) 3,260,384 bushels, against 3,193,111 last year. The decline, nearly 1 cent, is not much, but does not mean confidence in renewed advance.

Corn is scarcely lower, but without the aid of the government report all know that the supply will largely exceed all home and foreign demands. The output of pig iron from November 1 was about 217,306 tons weekly. The startling fact is that the demand for products of iron and steel falls off, notwithstanding the increase in output of pig and though only a few concerns have closed or reduced work or wages on account of lack of orders, prices are sinking, having declined 2.7 per cent. for the week and 6.4 per cent. from the highest point.

For the past week failures have been 283 in the United States, against 270 last year and 49 in Canada, against 33 last year.

DEFENSE WORK.

Gen. Craigbill Sums Up the Operations of the Past Year.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The annual report of Gen. Craigbill, chief of engineers, to the secretary of war, has been made public. He says that since the date of the last report the board has prepared projects for the artillery defense of Philadelphia, Key West, San Diego, the mouth of the Columbia river, Galveston and Puget sound. Allotments have been made during the year for emplacement for fourteen 12-inch, twenty-one 10-inch, seven 8-inch guns and eighty 12-inch mortars to be distributed among Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Hampton roads, Charleston, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans and San Francisco.

Gen. Craigbill favors carrying on river and harbor improvements under continuous contracts, for which appropriations have been made in sundry civil acts. The financial statement shows there was expended on rivers and harbors during the past fiscal year, exclusive of the Mississippi river and the Missouri river commissions expenditures, the sum of \$15,440,994, making the total for the past two years, \$30,904,084. Estimates are submitted in lump for the next two years, which Craigbill believes is necessary, of \$21,016,197. Of the south pass of the Mississippi during the past fiscal year the legal channel was maintained at the head of the pass and through the pass itself; but during a period of forty-three days, such channel was not maintained through the jetties.

A FORGER FROM CHOICE.

Elliott S. Reynolds, of Fort Scott, Wastes Fame and Fortune Through Crimes.

Fort Scott, Kan., Nov. 16.—Attorney Elliott S. Reynolds, who was put in the Bates county, Mo., jail yesterday at Rich Hill, is a member of the Bourbon county bar, a member of a fine family, a handsome, dandy young man of dignified mien, and well educated. He is a criminal of singular tendencies, which many attribute to a mania. The influence of his family has palliated more than a dozen felonious offenses, which date as far back as his boyhood, and the fortune left by his late father has been spent for his liberty. Six years ago he was sentenced to three years in the Missouri penitentiary for forging a note on W. T. Smith, a merchant at Springfield, but the case was appealed and for some reason he was allowed to forfeit a bond of \$3,000 and go free. He is now being prosecuted by the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis for another forgery.

ENGLAND MAY GET CUBA.

Spain's Latest Scheme in Regard to the Island Made Public.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 16.—A report from Mexico City, says that a prominent Spaniard there, who is in close touch with the Spanish government, says that before Spain will concede Cuban independence or permit the island to come under a United States protectorate or rule she will throw Cuba into the hands of England, conceding to England ostensible possession for a number of years until England collects the sum of money which is due her from Spain for advances made to carry on the war with Cuba.